I admit, is splendid; but oh, it is all such rubbish! . . . If ' Manfred ' and a few such, plays are to succeed this, I simply must do something else/*

But I did not I I stayed on, as every one knows, when the Lyceum as a personal enterprise of Henry's was no more—when the farcical Lyceum Syndicate took over the theatre. I played a wretched part in " Robespierre,[1]' and refused £12,000 to go to America with Henry in *' Dante.'*

In these days Henry was a changed man. He became more republican and less despotic as a producer. He left things to other people. As an actor he worked as faithfully as ever. Henley's stoical lines might have been written of him as he was in these last days :

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*' Out of the night that covers **ine,**
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods there be
For my unconquerable souL

" In the fell dutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud:
Beneath the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed."

Henry Irving did not treat me badly. I hope I did not treat him badly. He revived "Faust*' and produced " Dante/[1] I would have liked to stay with him to the end of the chapter, but there was nothing for me to act in either of these plays. But we never quarrelled. Our long partnership dissolved naturally. It was all very sad, but it could not be helped.

It has always been a reproach against Henry Irving in some mouths that he neglected the modern English play-wright ; and of course the reproach included me to a certain

exteut. I was glad, then, to show that I *could* act in the new plays when Mr. Barrie wrote " Alice-sit-by-the-Fire " for